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For Wahiawa—9:15 a. m. and *5:15 p. m.

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Arrive Honolulu from Kahuku, Wailua and Wailana—8:36 a. m., *5:31 p. m.
Arrive in Honolulu from Ewa Mill and Pearl City—17:46 a. m., *8:36 a. m., *10:38 a. m., *1:40 p. m., *4:31 p. m., *5:31 p. m., *7:30 p. m.
Arrive Honolulu from Wahiawa—8:36 a. m. and *5:31 p. m.

* Daily.
† Ex. Sunday.
‡ Sunday Only.
The Haleiwa Limited, a two-hour train only first-class tickets (non-refundable), leaves Honolulu every Sunday at 8:32 a. m.; returning, arrives in Honolulu at 10:10 p. m. The Limited stops only at Pearl City and Wailana. G. P. DENISON. F. C. SMITH.

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(Continued)

"Yes, and you're bright, too," he declared. "That's what I like in a woman—good looks and brains. I believe in strong methods and straight talk; too—none of this serenading and moonlight music for me. When I see a girl I like I go and get her. That's me. I make love like a man ought to."

The girl laughed derisively in his face. "Now, don't get sore. I mean business. I'm not soft talking southerner with gold buttons and highfalutin ways. I don't care if you are a squaw, I'll take you."

"Don't talk to me!" she cried in disgust, her voice hot with anger and resentment.

But he continued, unheeding: "Now, cut out these airs and get down to cases. I mean what I say. I know you've been casting sheep's eyes at Burrell; but, Lord, he wouldn't have you, no matter how rich you get! Of course you acted careless in going off alone with him, but I don't mind what they're saying around camp, for I've made little slips like that myself, and we'd get along."

"I'll have you killed!" she hissed through her clenched teeth, while her whole body vibrated with passion. "I'll call Poleon and have him shoot you!" She pointed to the river bank a hundred yards away, where the Canadian was busy assorting skins.

But he only laughed at her show of temper and shrugged his shoulders as he answered her roughly: "Understand me, I'm on the square. So think it over and don't go up in the air like a skyrocket."

She cried out at him "Go-go-go!" and finally he took up his bundle, saying as he stepped out slowly:

"All right! But I'm coming back, and you'll have to listen to me. I don't mind being called a squaw man. You're pretty near white, and you're good enough for me. I'll treat you right. Why, I'll even marry you if you're dead set on it. Sure!"

She could scarcely breathe, but checked her first inclination to call Poleon, knowing that it needed only a word from her to set that nut brown savage at Burrell's throat. Other thoughts began to crowd her brain and to stiffen her. The fellow's words had stabbed her consciousness and done something for her that gentler means would not have accomplished. They had opened her eyes to a thing that she had forgotten—a hideous thing that had reared its fangs once before to strike, but that her dreams of happiness had driven out of her Eden. All at once she saw the wrong that had been done her and realized from this brute's insult that those early fears had been well grounded. It suddenly occurred to her that in all the hours she had spent with her lover, in all those unspeakably sweet and intimate hours, there had never been one word of marriage. He had looked into her eyes and vowed he could not live without her, and yet he had never said the words she had heard said, the words that would bind her to him. His arms and his lips had comforted her and stilled her fears; but, after all, he had merely made love. A cold fear crept over the girl. She recalled the old corporal's words of a few weeks ago, and her conversation with Stark came back to her. What if it were true—that which Burrell implied? What if he did not intend to ask her, after all? What if he had only been amusing himself? She cried out sharply at this, and when Doret staggered in beneath a great load of skins he found her in a strange excitement. When he had finished his accounting with the Indian and dismissed him, she turned an agitated face to the Frenchman.

"Poleon," she said, "I'm in trouble. Oh, I'm in such a awful trouble!"

"It's dat Burrell! I seen him pass on de store wile I'm down below." His brows knit in a black scowl, and his voice said off a pitch in tone. "What he say, eh?"

"No, no; it's not that. He paid me a great compliment." She laughed harshly. "Why, he asked me to marry him." The man beside her cursed at this, but she continued: "Don't blame him for liking me. I'm the only woman for 500 miles around—or I was until this crowd came—so how could he help himself? No, he merely showed me what a fool I've been."

"I guess you better tell me all 'bout dis ting," said Poleon gravely. "You know I'm all ready for help you, Necia. When you was little feller an' got bust your finger you run to me quick, an' I fix it."

"Yes, I know, dear Poleon," she assented gratefully. "You've been a brother to me, and I need you now more than I ever needed you before. I can't go to father. He wouldn't understand, or else he would understand too much and spoil it all, his temper is so quick. Don't think I'm unwomanly, Poleon, for I'm not. I may be foolish and faithful and too trusting, but I'm not unmanly. You see, I've never been like other girls, and he was so fine, so different, he made me love him. It's part of a soldier's training."

"I suppose. It was so sweet to be near him and to hear him tell of himself and all the world he knows. I just let myself drift. I'm afraid—I'm afraid I listened too well and my ears heard more than he said. My head is so full of books, you know."

"He should have know' dat, too," said Poleon.

"Yes," she stared up. "He knew I was only an Indian girl."

The only color in Doret's face lay now in his cheeks, where the sun had put it, but he smiled at her—his warm, engaging smile—and laid his great brown hand upon her shoulder softly. "I've look' in bees eye an' I'm always tink he's good man. I don't never tink he'll make fun of poor little girl."

"But he has, Poleon. That's just what he has done." She came near to breaking down and finished pathetically. "They're telling the story on the street, so Burrell says."

"Dat's easy ting for fees," he said. "Burrell say she don't spread no more story lak dat."

"I don't care what they say. I want the truth. I want to know what he means, what his intentions are. He swears he loves me, and yet he has never asked me to marry him. He has gone too far. He has made a fool of me to amuse himself, and—and I couldn't see it until today. He's laughing at me now! Poleon! He's laughing at me now! Oh, I can't bear it!"

The Frenchman took up his wide hat from the counter and placed it carefully upon his head, but she stopped him as he moved toward the door, for she read the meaning of the glare in his eyes.

"Wait till you understand—wait, I say! He hasn't done anything yet."

"Dat's de trouble. I'm goin' mak' 'im do somet'ing."

"No, no! It isn't that. It's these doubts that are killing me. I'm not sure!"

"I hear plaintive," he said. "Dere's no tam' for monkey run!"

"I tell you he may be honest," she declared. "He may mean to marry me, but I've got to know. That's why I came to you. That's what you must find out for me."

"I'm good trader, Necia," said the Canadian after a moment. "I'll mak' bargain wit' you now. If he say yes he'll marry you I don't ask no more, but if he say no you gotta 'im to me. Is it go?"

She hesitated, while he continued musingly, "I don't see how no man on all dis worl' could let you go," then to her, "Want, is it bargain?"

"Yes," she said, the Indian blood speaking now, "but you must learn the truth. There must be no mistake. That would be terrible."

"Dere ain' goin' be no mistake."

"If he should refuse I—I'll marry some one quick. I won't be laughed at by this camp. I won't be a joke. Oh, Poleon! I've given myself to him just as truly as if—well, he has taken my first kiss."

Doret smote his hands together at this and began to roll his head backward from side to side as if in some great pain, but his lips were dry and silent. After a moment the spell left him, the fire died down, leaving only a dumb agony in its place. She came closer and continued:

"I'll never let them point at me and say, 'There goes the squaw that—she threw away.'"

"You mak' dis very hard ting for me," he said wearily.

"Listen," she went on, laughing herself with pity and scorn. "You say Father Barnum will be here on Sunday. Well, I'll marry some one, I don't care who! Then, with a sudden inspiration, she cried: 'I'll marry you. You said I could be a wife to you!'"

He uttered a sharp cry. "You mean dat, Necia?"

"Yes," she declared. "Why not? You'll do it for my sake, won't you?"

"Would you stan' up wit' me long-side of de pries, lovin' dat oder feller all de time?" he asked queerly.

"Yes, yes! I'd rather be with you than anybody, but married I'll be on Sunday. I'll never let them laugh at me."

Doret held his silence for a moment; then he looked up and said in level tones:

"It's easy ting for go an' ask 'im, but you mus' hear bees answer wit' your own ears; den you can't tink I'm lyin'." I'll fetch 'im 'ere on dis place if you fees it for hide you'sef behin' dose post. He indicated a bundle of furs that were suspended against a pillar and that offered ample room for concealment. "Dere's goin' be no lies today."

He pulled himself together and went out with the tired gait of an old man, his great shock head bowed low. A few moments later he returned.

"I've sent 'im Jean for 'im. You got in dere out of sight—an' wait."

CHAPTER XII.

TANOELED SKIN.

WHEN Burrell entered he wasted no time in greetings.

"I know why you sent for me, Poleon. I've heard the news, and I would have been up any-

how to congratulate her very soon. I call it pretty fine."

"Yes, dere's been bees strike all right, an' Necia is goin' be riche gal."

"I'm as pleased as if the claim were mine, and you feel the same way, of course."

"You know me for good man, eh? An' you know I ain't try for breck up oder fellers' business, never! Waal, I'm come to you now lak was good man to 'noder, because I'm got bad trouble on de min', an' you musn't get sore."

"There's no danger, Poleon. Let's move it. If there is anything I can do you may count on me."

"Waal," he began nervously, clearing his throat, "it's lak dis. Dere's feller



"I'm tired of the game, and you interest me no longer."

been talk some 'bout Necia, an' it ain't like talk noider."

"Who is he?" exclaimed the soldier in a tone that made the girl's heart leap.

"Waal! Lemme tol' you w'at he say; den we'll talk 'bout fees 'im plaintive. He say dere's joke down on Stark's saloon dat Necia Gale is mak' fool of hersef on you an' dat you ain't care for marry her."

"Burrell!" cried Burrell and started for the door. "I'll settle with him now for fair!" But Poleon blocked his way and, observing him gravely, continued in a tone that the other could not disregard nor mistake:

"No, m'sieu. Before you pass on dat place you'll tol' me if it's true."

"True!" the lieutenant retorted angrily. "What business is it of yours? This concerns me."

"Ah! me too! I'm w'at you call garden for Necia till John Gale come back, an' I'm broder of her too. You promiss' jus' now you don't get mad, an' I don't say she's Burrell neider w'at spik dose ting. Dere's more dan 'im been talkin'." Is it true?"

His sternness softened Burrell, for the soldier was not the kind to discuss his affairs in this way; therefore he drew back, scowling.

"Poleon Doret," he said, "it's not one's enemies who do him injury; it's his d—d fool friends. I have learned to regard you highly, because you are a brave man and an honest one, but it seems that you are a sentimental idiot."

"Dere's tough word," Doret replied. "But dere's reason w'y I can't tak' on no madness. You say I'm honest. Waal, I'm honest now, an' I come to you wit' fair words, an' I show my han' to you—I don't hol' out no cards, m'sieu—but I don't tink it is you who have play square altogether. I'm Necia's frien', an' I'll fight for her jus' so quicker lak you, but I mus' know dis ting for sure, so if you have de good heart an' de courage of good man you'll tell me de truth. Do you have the feelin' for marry on her?"

The pause that followed was awkward for both of them, while the girl, who stood concealed near by, held her breath and buried her nails in her palms. Why did he hesitate? Would he never speak?

"I am amazed at myself for listening to you," he said at last, "and quite shocked, in fact, at my answering your questions, but perhaps I'd better, after all. First, however, let me say that the little girl is just as pure now as she was before she knew me."

Poleon threw up his hand. "M'sieu, dat's more closer to de insult dan w'at you call me jus' now. You don't need for spoke it."

"You're right. There's no need to tell you that. As for showing her certain attentions—well, I admit that I have, as you know; but, thank God, I can say I've been a gentleman and addressed her as I would the fairest lady I've known."

"An' you mean for marry, eh?" probed the other.

"I did not say so," Burrell declared at last. "It's a thing I can't discuss, because I doubt if you could understand what I would say. This life of yours is different from mine, and it would be useless for me to explain the reason why I cannot marry her. Leaving out all question of my sentiment, there are insurmountable obstacles to such a union. But, as to this talk, I think that can be stopped without annoyance to her, and, as for the rest, we must trust to time to bring about a proper adjustment."

(To Be Continued)

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